

# Wolfy

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WOLFY WAS ONE OF THOSE unfortunate creatures born exclusively to make two things for someone – money and a statement. Wolfy was a wolf hybrid, purposefully bred into existence for nothing but selfish reasons. Humans make these choices, but sadly, it is the animal that always pays the highest price.

I cannot imagine Wolfy's confusion throughout his life, never knowing which world he was truly from. One side was too wild to live in the world that his "owners" wanted him to live in, and yet the other side was not wild enough to live in the untamed world where his brothers and sisters ran free.

On February 17, 1998, Wolfy found his well deserved peace in his soul mate Teka. She was a wolf that had already called Wolf Haven her home for quite some time. Teka was alone by choice and appeared to want to keep it that way. She became very aggressive toward every wolf that Wolf Haven attempted to put her with, and animal care staff didn't know what to do. I like to think that Teka was waiting for the "right one", so to speak. On the day that Wolfy arrived at Wolf Haven, he was placed with Teka and in a matter of minutes it was evident that they were meant to be together. They played for three hours straight, elated that they had found happiness in each other. They complimented one another exception-

ally well; Wolfy kept to himself and Teka was very outgoing. She looked upon him with unconditional love, and he looked at her the same way. He relied on her indomitable spirit to give him strength, and she relied on him for his immeasurable love for her. At the end of their first day together, they were found lying next to one another in a peace filled slumber.

After Teka's passing on St. Patrick's Day of 2007, Wolfy was in a state of depression that had no end in sight. He had lost the one who made him happy, the one who had completed him and made his world a better place. We moved him off-tour because he had no desire to be in the enclosure he had shared with Teka anymore. The love that had once filled their enclosure was gone.

Shortly after moving him off-tour, we rescued a wolf named Meeka. Since both Wolfy and Meeka needed a companion, we decided to try to put the two of them together. They did fairly well for quite some time, although for Wolfy I think that she was just a roommate. Meeka would occasionally attempt to get him to play with her, but to no avail. Neither of them really showed affection toward the other. It seemed as if no other wolf could fill the bottomless hole that Wolfy lived with after Teka's passing. The only thing that brought Wolfy joy was his other love in life, food.

On one of our routine morning walk-throughs, we found Wolfy with a near fatal wound. We still to this day do not know what transpired that night between him and Meeka, but for safety reasons we split the two up and put Wolfy into an enclosure by himself. We later tried pairing him with another female wolf in the hopes that they would form a strong bond. But before we even let her into his enclosure, he clearly stated in his own way that he wanted to be alone. There was no replacing Teka, which was obvious, but there was also no reason to try to renew that former happiness with another. There was only one girl for Wolfy, just like there was only one guy that Teka would accept. Simply put, they were soul mates. It seemed that the remainder of Wolfy's life would be spent waiting for the moment that he and Teka would frolic together once again.

Wolfy was found one hot summer evening barely clinging to life. We fought as best we could to bring his temperature down. We were successful in bringing his vitals back to where they should be, but that was all we could do. Now it was up to Wolfy. When I left the room that night, I hoped that he would be alive in the morning and ready to go back into his enclosure. But a small part of me wondered if he even wanted to go back there. We checked on him throughout the night, but during our final visit, all we could do was pray for him. Our prayers were not that he would be awake in the morning or that his passing would be peaceful. They were prayers that our friend take whatever path he chose, knowing that we wished him nothing but the best.

When we found Wolfy the next morning, he had the most peaceful look on his face. It was very surreal to see Wolfy's body lying in the crate with a calm smile gracing his beautiful face. He was with Teka now, he was happy once again. He was home.

WOLFY PHOTO BY JULIE LAWRENCE.

